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CHIVALRY.

"A gentleman of excellent breeding, of admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in place and person, generally allowed for many warlike, court-like and learned preparations."—SHAKSPEARE.

It is our purpose in the present essay, to present to our readers in the first place, some account of the institution of Chivalry, and of the times that produced it. And in the second place, briefly to consider some of the alleged defects of the institution, and the benefits it unquestionably conferred upon the world. First then as to its origin :

Chivalry was the growth of the Middle or Dark Ages, that vast abyss, which was alike the grave of ancient, and the cradle of modern civilization. This tract of time, stretching from the beginning of the sixth to the close of the sixteenth century, may be well named the fabulous age of the modern world.—Athwart its gloom, men are seen to move 'as trees walking,' and its incidents come like 'certain things to our ears.' It was a period characterized by strong individuality; by gigantic virtues and gigantic crimes; by picturesque institutions and fantastic customs; by frequent revolution and incessant change. The steady march of government, the supremacy and equal

administration of law, the undisturbed possession of peaceful business and pleasures, which mark our time, were then unknown.

In these respects, indeed, the Middle Ages resemble the early age of every people, the times heralding every civilized state of society. A moment's digression, for which the light thereby cast on our subject will win our pardon, will show that the chivalry of the eleventh century of our era was not without some parallel at a vastly more early date. The magnificent day of Grecian civilization emerged from the dun twilight of the age of the Orpheus and Hercules, of Minos and Rhadamanthus, and of the heroes of the Trojan war. Tradition, dim and uncertain, yet shows plainly enough that this was an age of convulsion and anarchy, which, intolerant of the wholesome restraints of law, suffered avarice and cruelty, ambition and lust, to stalk abroad, and ravage at their will.

But as in the order of Providence, the world's desperate necessity is ever the sure precursor of a Redeemer, so now the elder chivalry was born to help and to save. In the half-fabulous Hercules, Orpheus, and Minos, we find its three elementary principles impersonated. Physical force put forth for the chastisement of cruelty and oppression; the influence of art and religion, bent to softening and refining the rugged temper of the time; and a wise and equitable legislation, seeking to gather up into harmonious wholeness the severed and discordant principles of society. And in Agamemnon and Achilles, Ulysses and Ajax, Hector and Sarpedon, we behold the feudal chiefs of a primitive day, the Pagan prototypes of Christian knighthood, exhibiting the same daring and individual prowess, distinguished by the same sensitiveness of honor, and burning with the same thirst for adventure, and enthusiasm for military glory. If their spirit fell below that of Christian chivalry, it was because they lacked that pure womanly influence, and that inspiration from a better religion, which went far toward dig-

nifying even the wildest vagaries of the later knight-errantry. The differing character of Pagan and Christian chivalry is strikingly illustrated by the diverse character of the two most conspicuous aims, toward which their several energies were bent. The ten years' crusade of the Grecian knighthood was directed to the rescue of a frail woman from the arms of her elected paramour. The crusades of the Christian knighthood sought to wrest from the infidel's contaminating grasp a city which had witnessed the most marvellous and beneficent demonstrations of God's power and providence; the humiliation, the sorrows, and the exaltation of the Prince of peace; the occultation and the glorious re-appearing of the "bright and morning star."

But to return. Chivalry, as we said, was the growth of the dark ages, and first makes its appearance, as a distinct institution, in the eleventh century of our era. It resulted not from one but many causes; and in the form it assumed, and the spirit that impelled it, may be detected the working of all the main elements of the multifarious and chaotic time. To apprehend, then, its origin and its composition, will require some consideration of the then state of Europe, and of the causes which produced that state.

The splendid conflagration of Grecian genius had settled down into its ashes, only sending up a few transient coruscations, when stirred by some casual breeze of circumstance. That mysterious spirit, which burned through an entire people, and reared for itself imperishable trophies in every field of science, arts, and arms, was waxing faint and low. The Pindaric lyre, struck by no lineal hand, was mute. The reed of Herodotus was shivered. The stage was no longer trod by the "Sophoclean buskin." The grove of the academy might be standing yet, but it was no more resonant with the murmur of the "Athenian Bee." Demosthenes had lived, Demosthenes had died; and of such there is but one. That

concentrated and enthusiastic devotion to country, which was adequate to creating an Aristides and Leonidas, a Phocion and Epaminondas, and which, kindling through the popular mass, enabled a scanty troop to withstand and scatter the power of a vast empire, was now all but extinct in the Grecian bosom. And so, when the formidable Macedonian appeared, Greece shrank before his spear, and bowed beneath its sceptre.

But meanwhile, a new power had arisen in the world, and was absorbing, successively, all other powers into itself. Three hundred years anterior to the subversion of Greek independence by Alexander, a small troop of outlaws had built a castle on a hill beside the Tiber. Here, opening an asylum for adventurers and fugitives from justice, they grew numerous, built a city, procured wives by violence, and so laid the foundations of the Roman State. An intense and boundless ambition; a bravery and perseverance, which shrank from no peril, and halted at no obstacle; an uncompromising, single-eyed devotion to the cause of country; these, the distinctive principles of Rome, communicated to this infant people a perpetually onward movement, which nothing could either stay or turn aside. Country after country passed beneath the wings of the Roman eagle, till, a century and a half before Christ, its shadow rested on Greece also.

But not even thus was the land of Pericles wholly shorn of its influence. The spirit of Grecian thought passed into and interpenetrated the Roman mind. Grace and refinement were taught to dwell in company with the rugged virtues of a military people, and the queen of arms soon learned to contend for other prizes than those of battle, and to covet the olive not less than the laurel crown. Glorious alike in arts and arms, Rome stood at last on the loftiest pinnacle of national greatness, the unchallenged Mistress of the World.

But the hour that comes to all was drawing on to her also. The race of the Cincinnatuses and Catos, of the Scipios and

Marcelluses, that temperate, self-denying, sternly-virtuous, patriotic race, whose energies were the spring of the Roman greatness, had passed away. The luxury flowing in with the tribute of a conquered world, had loosed the rigid joints, and relaxed the iron nerves. The people, who for long succeeding generations had sworn a deadly oath against kingly rule, now cringed at an imperial footstool, and a Nero and Caligula, a Commodus and Caracalla, had perpetrated enormities such as heaven suffers not to go by unnoticed. Through the corruption universally pervading society, it would seem humanity must have died out, but for the special intervention of Providence. Such special intervention was at hand.

Amid the tangled swamps and dim forests of Germany; over the vast wilds of Scythia and Sarmátia; along the mountain sides and the wide plateaux of Central Asia; in the chill and snowy regions of Scandinavia, covering, like its own Hecla, a heart of fire with an exterior of ice, were gathering the materials of the successive tempests destined to submerge a power, which, fattening on the acquisitions of ancestral prowess, and lolling among the memorials of ancient renown, forgot its own perilous position, and shut its eyes on the open book of the future. Franks, Goths, and Vandals, Huns, Normans, and Lombards, such are the principal barbarian tribes, whose office it was, under Providence, at once to chastise the vices of a degenerate people, and to replenish the veins of a decrepid civilization with the healthful life-current of a vigorous though savage youth. Their aggressions, commencing as early as the third century, continued, with little cessation, till the closing part of the eighth, when the chief part of Europe fell beneath the sway of Charlemagne, the Frank.

And so the magnificent structure, reared by the labor of a thousand years, was now lying in ruins. That form of human nature and of human society, which bore the name of Roman, was no more. Out of the ingredients of its composition, scat-

tered and re-absorbed into the general mass of things, it remained for successive generations to construct the edifice of modern civilization.

At such a crisis it was, and out of the bosom of such turmoil, and distress, that Chivalry arose. Having considered its origin, let us in the next place, consider some of the alleged defects, of the institution of Chivalry, and the benefits it unquestionably conferred upon the world. It has been one charge against Chivalry, that it was warlike and ever appealed to the sword to decide the conflicting pretensions of justice. Were Chivalry to be looked at as an external and a permanent institution, the charge would be valid. But, regarded as an institution created by the circumstances of a particular age, and taking a shape suited to the wants of that age, the charge is nought. That the knight grasped the sword, was not from the impulse of the essential spirit of Chivalry, but on compulsion of the times, that made him knight. Different states of society demand different means to work the same results. To effect certain purposes, both noble and useful, Chivalry grasped the instruments, and the only instruments, which the age had fashioned to its hands. These instruments were those of war.

And what is war? Simply the shock of antagonist forces, be these what they may, opinions, passions, tastes, or what not. These opposing forces, by a natural necessity, covet the annihilation, or the subjection of each other, and this they may aim to effect either with or without the intervening concussion of physical masses. In the former case, we designate their collision by the technical term war; in the latter, by controversy, or some equivalent term. But it is clear they are both equally manifestations of the self-same radical principle. There is, therefore, as much war in the world now as in any former age. And so long as men shall differ in opinion, feelings, or taste—and when or how can it be otherwise?—so long must there be war on the earth.

However, in a highly civilized and thoroughly christianized society, such differences are put forward in the spirit of peace, and their collision serves to strike out truth, and open up the way of improvement. But in rude and primitive times, adverse principles are too vehement and sharp, environed with too few restraining and modifying influences, to adjust their hostility merely by argumentation, or any other weapon from the armory of spiritual conflict. The weapons of their warfare are carnal. Their antipathy betakes itself to the intermeditation of physical masses; and differing men meet and impinge in the shock of battle.

Just so it is with the takers of a virgin soil. They must needs struggle incessantly and fiercely with beast and reptile; with hunger, and cold, and storm; with sickness, privation, and casualty in its thousand forms. With the clearing up of the country, and the gathering of its population into villages, the wild animal is exterminated or expelled; and so, though a contest must still be waged with physical wants and elementary inclemencies, man is better furnished with appliances to wage it successfully. In the immaturity, then, of society, war, which, in some guise, holds perpetual fellowship with humanity, takes the peculiar modification of clashing physical forces. Chivalry, therefore, was warlike from the necessity of the times that produced it. It did not, however, stand forth as the advocate and friend of war, but rather as the friend and harbinger of peace to come. For it grasped a rod of chastisement for the spoiler and oppressor, and proclaimed itself the champion and vindicator of weakness, defencelessness, and right. It did, indeed, cast the sword into one side of the scales of justice, but, unlike the juggling Gaul, it did so because cruelty and wrong weighed down the other. It mitigated the ferocity of war by mingling with its usages a courtesy, humanity, and fairness unknown before, and thus, by diminishing the springs that feed it, wrought toward its final extinction. So do our wood-

men kindle on the outskirts of a burning forest antagonist fires, which serve to check the spread of the conflagration, and cause it to die out with the consumption of the material already seized upon. The military character of Chivalry cannot, then, be counted a stigma on an institution born of an age of war, and aiming to work out peace by the only fitting implements in its possession. Little, therefore, too little to call for present notice, remains to qualify, in our contemplation, the nobleness of the spirit that produced it, and the beneficence of the results it accomplished.

One effect of Chivalry was to redeem from almost a dead letter to life and vigorous activity, the second great law of the Christian statute book ; the law of brotherly love ; the law of sympathy with, and interest in, man simply *as man*. To love their friends and hate their foes, was the prime precept of the Pagan code. The bounds of kindred and country, the lines traced by pride, interest, and other personal considerations, Pagan charity rarely overstepped. Christian love was of a far other strain. It "passed the flaming bounds of space and time;" it owned no restrictions on its exercise ; it had a hearing ear, a responsive heart, and a helping hand, for wronged and suffering humanity, in whatever clime and under every sky. That a principle so high and pure should have been obstructed in its action, and indeed almost buried from sight by the falsities of the Pagan philosophy, and the crude notions of a thousand barbarous tribes, that obtruded their joint companionship on the religion of Christ, was in no wise to be marvelled at. It but shared the lot of its Divine Author. In redeeming it from its thraldom, and sending it abroad on its mission of good, Chivalry exerted a most conspicuous agency. For it openly and avowedly took its stand on the side of the innocent, the helpless, the wronged. It acknowledged their rightful and indefeasible claims to its services. And whether on the narrow field of an unsettled district, or on

the broad battle-ground of the crusades, it put forth its best might from the impulse of a disinterestedness but slightly tainted with personal alloy.

Again, as we have hinted before, Chivalry served as the agent of Christianity in redeeming woman to the possession of something like equality in right and privilege with the stronger sex. By that might, which makes the right of ruder times, woman, inferior in brute strength to man, has been held by him in subjection. Save in the remarkable exception of the German tribes, we are not aware that savage life furnishes an instance where woman has been dealt with as man's equal companion. Nor does heathen civilization much vary the picture. We, indeed, meet with individuals like Semiramis, Aspasia, and Zenobia, Volumnia, Portia, and Cornelia, women who have broken the bonds of proscription, and vindicated for themselves a determinate and equal allotment in society. But where do we find indications that the sex, as such, were ever counted worthy the confidence and equal companionship of man? It is a remark of the profound and acute Schlegel, that even in the most splendid models of the Greek literature, there is a lamentable deficiency, a lack of a certain indefinable charm and shadowy delicacy of tint, which characterize the best literature of a social state, wherein woman, holding her just place, and enjoying a proper culture, tinctures with her peculiar influence the springs of thought, sentiment, and feeling, in the popular mind.

It was reserved for Chivalry, embodying the spirit of Christianity, to demolish this old, moss-grown bastile of the social state, and restore its captives to freedom, and the rights and prerogatives of freedom. An institution having for its avowed aim to redress the injured and protect the weak, could not, of course, overlook the wrongs of a whole sex, reduced, through its mere weakness, to a slavish subjection. And herein did it give expression to the spirit of that religion which pro-

claimed itself the friend of the friendless, and the helper of the helpless, and which assigned to moral qualities an everlasting superiority over physical force.

The first result of these efforts in behalf of the sex was, naturally enough, a strong re-action in its favor, and from a slave woman was exalted a demi-goddess, and more invested with the sanctity of worship, than approached with the freedom of equal companionship. But this exaggeration of sentiment gradually wore away, without carrying with it the valuable results of which it was the factitious accompaniment.

And so Chivalry bequeathed to the world the woman of modern society; the equal associate and friend of man; the ornament of his prosperity, and the immovable pillar of his adversity; his counsellor in straits, in despondency his availing consolation; the life and charm of the social group, and the queen and presiding genius of that little happiest of kingdoms, home; the nurse, guardian, and inspiration of the rising age, and the missionary bearing refinement and humanizing influences to the remotest nooks and recesses of society.

Such are in part the benefits for which modern times stand indebted to Chivalry. The institution, in its outward form, has departed with the age that gave it life. But its spirit yet ilves, for it was of a higher than mortal strain. Nor lives it alone. Its name is no longer Jacob, but Israel, for it has mightily prevailed. It now wears not one, but a thousand forms; for wherever you witness disinterested, self-denying endeavors put forth in behalf of man, there you see impersonated the spirit of Chivalry. Wheresoever you behold the missionary, having no breast-plate but that of righteousness, no shield but that of faith, no helmet but that of salvation, and no sword save the sword of the Spirit, going out to encounter the giant shapes of superstition and vice, for the rescue of oppressed and degraded man; wherever you behold a Howard "plunging into the depths of dungeons, and diving into the infection of hospitals,

in his circumnavigation of charity ;" wherever you behold a Fry rising superior to the shrinking delicacy of her sex, to bear a message of love and redemption to the debased and lost ; wherever you behold a man of God penetrating the squalid recesses where hopeless Poverty hides itself, and presenting the key that unlocks treasures which no rust can corrupt and no thief steal ; wherever you behold a Lafayette exiling himself from all the heart holds dearest, staking the hopes and aspirations of his youth, and putting life itself in imminent jeopardy, to break the oppressor's rod, and set the oppressed stranger free, there you behold, incarnate and shining with a far greater than its primitive effulgence and beauty, the genuine spirit of Chivalry !

A benison, then, lie evermore on the Chivalry of the olden time ! Like a dream it hath passed away. But, like a dream of Heaven, it leaves us inspired with noble impulses and high resolves for the accomplishment of the tasks, and the encounter of the trials, of earth !

Z.

A LESSON.

In the woodland where the sunshine
Kissed the leaves that faintly tremble,
Painting them with rarest colors
'Till the emerald they resemble,

Casting shadows on the pathway
Mingled in fantastic grouping,
Like the lace work of some fairy
Twined and knit with graceful looping ;

O'er the pathway white with pebbles
Monuments I'm ever thinking
Placed to mark the death of snow drop
That in spring time there lay sinking.

On this walk, my ramble ever,
 There I met a little stranger,
 One of Robin Red-Breast's younglings,
 Far from home but close to danger.

For from out its home of horse hair,
 Moss and twigs, a pretty mansion
 It had leaped to bathe in sunshine,
 Seeking freedom and expansion.

And its wings, so weak and tender,
 Would not bear its little body ;
 So it staggered on before me,
 Like a man with too much toddy.

Soon a cry I heard above me,
 Full of love and full of pity,
 And the mother lit beside it
 Singing some kind soothing ditty.

Then before it upward hopping,
 Turning oft to bid it follow,
 Soon she brought it to the homestead
 Rocked with zephyrs soft and hollow.

And I musing long did ponder
 On that passage pure and holy,
 Of the prodigals returning
 From his fare so poor and lowly

Here thought I is sure a lesson
 Taught by Nature, never idle,
 Like to that my mother taught me
 From the good old cottage Bible.

FAITH IN THE AGE.

Horace was not the first who applied to his own times the epithet "*dura Ætas*"—a hardened Age. A custom so universal may be owing either to that principle of our nature by which

we are ever dissatisfied with the Present, or to a reverence for the fancied glories which Time has cast around the Past. Be that as it may, constant allusions to "the good old times" bring with them reflection as well as amusement. Reflection involves comparison. Then why call them in contradistinction to our own, the *good* old times? Is there any degeneracy in the Age?

With our thoroughly American thoughts, and principles, with our love for Liberty, and reverence for the Republic, with our belief in the present, and our hope in the future, we cannot say there is. This is a "spontaneous, intuitive and unavoidable judgment," and knowing this, we can readily make an analysis of our feelings, and show the grounds of our belief. They will appear on a consideration of the three great stamina of civilization as they flourish in our day—Religion, the Arts and Sciences, and Civil Liberty.

I. If the Day-Star is ever to dawn on our benighted race, can we not now see its kindling rays, its glorious beauty? Never has the plan of Redemption a God has sealed with His blood, received so much honor as now. Governments and nations have learned to bow in humility before its simple creed, and to acknowledge in thankfulness, the supremacy of ONE higher than they. Not only has civilization sought shelter beneath its imposing shade, but barbarian kings have accepted its friendly aid, and its spreading branches are covering the Isles of the Sea. Never from the Indian wave has come a greater demand for Truth; never from the burning sands of Afric, a more earnest call for aid. The time when whole nations were plunged in the darkness of night, is rapidly passing away.

While Religion is thus advancing, is it likely there will be, *can* there be, any degeneracy in the Age?

II. In what is positive advancement more prominent, real

success more palpable, than in the Arts and Sciences, the next criterion of the Age? By their progress, we may well measure our own, and that of our time, and it is by these that the honor of the Age is ably vindicated, fully sustained. When was ever such a stimulus given to Invention, such encouragement to Science, such patronage to Literature!

Increasing wealth and luxury are only developing the Polite Arts, and giving a chaste refinement to civilization. It is not an adulteration of the virgin gold, but the polish that adds to its natural lustre. While in the Useful Arts, Electricity, Heat, and the Air itself are in their turn being made subservient to the purposes of man. On the accepted hypothesis that the genius of man is rendering the scourge of nations, *War*, less and less destructive, by mathematical computation, we are steadily approaching the period when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation."

From the gloomy depths into which the Arts and Sciences fell at the dissolution of the Greek Empire, and more especially, the Roman, they have steadily arisen, and can we not say are now ascending? The history of every Age, and the experience of every clime and belief will assure us, that "the Heart of the Andes" and "the Greek Slave" were never designed by the Ruler of Worlds, to be land-marks on a road to ruin.

III. The Spirit of Liberty, the grand criterion of the Age, still lives. Nay, more; the pure Goddess is fast approaching that glorious prime, in which she is to assert her final supremacy over the forces of Despotism. Though the fire she has kindled, has not swept over a universe like the flames on some Western prairie, yet we know it is the greater because not now seen. It is raging beneath our social structure like the fiery mass under *Ætna*'s mount, spreading the more below as passage is refused it above, and by the laws of its own existence, must

one day break forth with prodigious power, and cover with its flame, the base and surroundings as well as the summit. Well may the Despots of the Old World regard the homes of Liberty throughout the earth as so many smoking craters, from which at one day is to issue the fire, which is to annihilate their false Philosophy, turn to ashes their corrupted institutions, and purify the nations in its fiery stream.

Let not the lovers of Liberty despair. The liberated millions of Italy, are yet singing their paens of Victory. Poland, the land of the brave, and the destined shelter for the oppressed, has made one more effort to shake off the yoke of bondage; and though brute force, and the powers of Darkness have once more become victorious over the powers of Light; though Langierwicz is languishing in an Austrian dungeon, yet in the hearts of a noble people, the germ of Liberty has budded, and though the shoot has been cut down at its first appearance in the light, yet the germ itself and its strong roots are there, and, God grant, they may once more spring up to a successful life.

In the Halls of the Montezumas, minor issues have disappeared, party distinctions forgotten, private gain lost in the public good, and we see a glorious spectacle—a free people making a desperate attempt to repel an unscrupulous invader. May they not have long to look towards the land of a starry banner for that aid Fate is now refusing them.

It is not in despair that we turn to our own land. We have not the heart to believe, that the most magnificent trial of a free government has proved a failure. We can look on many a desolate hearthstone, on many a silent form, and yet we have not lost our faith in the Republic. It is enough to cast one glance on the woe to come, one sorrowful look towards the appealing millions of Europe, one thought that,

Humanity, with all its fears,
With all its hopes for future years,
Is hanging, breathless, on thy fate,

and then we can believe with an unfaltering trust, that God will, in His own due time, work out our sorrowful problem, and bless in future ages, a nation purified in a fiery struggle.

We can believe that soon the clouds will break away, and we shall see the radiant Goddess of Liberty emerge from the lowering darkness, with all the winning beauty of a Venus Anadyomene, to take her seat in the legislative halls of *free* nations, with the magnificent splendor of a Pallas Parthenos.

It is now, we say, we have faith in man, faith in our principles, and faith in our Age, to believe we are steadily marching up that rugged path, which shall sooner or later bring us to the fountain of Truth, where "*dura Aëtas*," shall be written "*AUREA AETAS*."

CHARACTER EXPRESSED.

The traveler, surrounded by the ruins of a once prosperous nationality, is carried in imagination to the days, when those scattered fragments gave dignity and importance to a busy city. Perhaps the broken columns, and half demolished walls, still mark the outlines of the buildings and tell of a former beauty, and colossal grandeur. There is a solitude that everywhere broods among these ruins. While despots and their defences are together overthrown, as civilization moves on scarcely checked by their efforts, these solemn monitors of death and destruction seem to forbid, by a supernatural awe, that any should disturb their "*ancient solitary reign*." The living thus instinctively avoid them, and these cemeteries of former nations are ever sacred to posterity. Their eternal solitude is a magic wand, to kindle the fancy of the visitor with its potent charm. Gradually these crumbled fragments assume their original position before him, their rude outlines are remoulded,

the dust of ages is swept away, and the maring labor of time, is effaced in a moment; the present, with all its relations, is forgotten, and the traveler, as a stranger from another world, finds himself standing amid the glories of the past. If he tarries until evening, the moonlight will summon strange spirits; the city will again be filled with its old inhabitants, whose manners and appearance, will declare them to be its builders. Nor is this a mere random dream of fancy, for the character of every nation is so clearly traced upon its works of art, that a people will live so long as their labors endure. From Cairo to Thebes, a succession of temples, pyramids and tombs, with their giant sculptures and strange characters, tell the story of that wonderful union of the power, culture, and mystery of Egypt. If you enter the Alhambra, in its profusion of arabesque and mosaics, in the airy lightness of its architecture, and in the spirit of oriental luxury that pervades the whole, you recognize the enchanting palace of the Arabian Nights. Here is the archetype of those cherished images that ever accompany the reading of that delightful fiction. You almost expect some Eastern princess, to step delicately along the marble corridor before you, and complete the picture. In language and literature, this national individuality of character is still more clearly marked. The soft and flowing accents of the Italian opera, are ever suggestive of the dreamy home of music and the arts; nor can we fail to remark the propriety of the choice, when, like the Greek to the ancient world, the French was made the language of fashion and elegance, and was adopted as the diplomatic medium of modern civilization. The spirits of the Briton are enlivened in every prominent seaport, by the sound of his mother tongue, and his national pride is aroused by the thought, that his country is everywhere known and respected, as the merchant trader of the world. The noblest type of the national character is its standard literature. This is one element of the great value of the authors of

antiquity. Their literature is the key that opens the hearts and minds of those who lived long ago. History and tradition will tell us of their outward mode of life, but neither can unveil that mystery which we strive to penetrate, when we wonder whether they thought and felt as we do. In their standard literature it is all explained. The master minds have grasped the spirit of their age, and given it immortality in language, while the unanimous acknowledgment of their skill from the hearts of their people, has bequeathed the gift to posterity. We can thus venture to speak with assurance of the character of the dead, since we know that it is expressed in their works. The desire is strong in man to clothe every work of art with his favorite excellence. The Greek will describe in beautiful verse and imagery the fair temple of an Apollo. The Arab and the Persian weave the very acme of oriental bliss into their sensuous tales of luxuriant life, and love triumphant over supernatural opposition. To live only in the present is a characteristic of barbarism. Its ambition, aspiring only to the praise of the hour, rears no monuments to tell posterity of the deeds of a savage tribe. Man is taught by culture to live in the future. The universal dominion of the Eastern Empires forbade a rival to dispute the championship of the world; national invincibility was the boast of their citizens, and it was their darling aspiration to raise those trophies, that should tell every beholder of their glorious era. Time changes the popular aspiration, with the ever varying character of civilization. A classic love of physical excellence, a classic submission to emotion and fancy, taught the worship of imperial Jove, of Mars, and Minerva, and their kindred host of personified characters. Its artists, poets and orators, caught the spirit of that age, and their plastic but original minds brought forth those peerless models of architecture, epic verse and emotional eloquence. A medieval age of progress gave to Michael Angelo, Leonardo, and Giotto the friend of Dante, their magic touch.

But every device to perpetuate national vitality has hitherto failed. The mysteries of Egypt perished with the spirit that gave them birth. Even the site of the most prosperous of oriental nationalities is lost to the world. Once civilization itself died out. But we flatter ourselves that in the results of a Baconian philosophy is the panacea for every intellectual and social corruption. Abstract philosophy must yield to truth; speculation to practicality. We avail ourselves of the intellectual wealth of every period and country, for we aim to discover truth and learn its use; this is the character of the present. Since our artists aspire to the successful imitation of medieval and classic masters, doubtless no Raphael nor Homer will grace our annals. But if the array of truth that has brightened this nineteenth century possess the vitality so often ascribed to it; if the spirit of individuality and social organism prevents those fitful outbursts so destructive to national life; if the exalted character of its morality can direct aright the popular sentiment, we may believe that all the originality and genius of the past was but subservient to the future.

ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

“All thy heart is set on high designs,
High actions; but wherewith to be achieved?
Great actions require great means of enterprise.”

—*Paradise Regained.*

There is no principle of human nature implanted for evil purposes, and none which the power of man can destroy. It may be made to contain a thousand follies, or a thousand crimes, but it can never be eradicated. Such is the principle of ambition, or the desire to succeed. It is original and instinctive, and as inseparable from our nature as the mind from the man. Existing at our birth, it expands with the germ of

thought, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. It speaks in the enthusiastic prattle of childhood, and gives coloring to the fanciful day-dreams of youth. It is the great ruling power of nature; and when man's sun is nearly set, his whole horizon is flushed with the hope of something higher and nobler. But,

"The same ambition can destroy or save
And make a patriot, as it makes a knave."

Hence it is highly important that we should know how this principle, which cannot be eradicated, may be turned to useful purposes.

Our limited space will not allow us here to consider its nature, nor can we enumerate any series of means by which we may in all cases insure success. Indeed, no comprehensive law can be established. Though the earth is abundantly provided with materials for nutriment, each plant must assimilate to itself the proper food. So in the formation of the character, though vast moral, intellectual, and physical forces are available, the reason of each must mould and fashion these shapeless masses into a harmonious whole. We will, then, attempt merely to present some traits, which are absolutely essential, and, if we succeed in this, our object will be accomplished.

I. The first we will mention is *preparation*, by which we mean the complete development of our nature in all the entireness of our original faculties. This truth appears too obvious to need explanation; and yet experience teaches us that many speculative theories are never practiced, and plain, homely truths seldom take effect unless constantly reiterated. The necessity of this trait is apparent from the following considerations:

In the first place it is God's mode of action throughout Nature, Providence, and Grace. The whole economy of the universe is a progressive scheme. The change of seasons and

the ripening of fruits are instances of this. Vegetable and animal bodies, though formed at once, grow up by degrees to a mature state. Our existence is not only successive, but our state of life and being is appointed by God to be a preparation for another; infancy for childhood; childhood for youth; and youth for mature age. In the scheme of Providence each event is a subservient means to another as an end; this to another, and so on through a series of operations, extending backward and forward beyond our farthest view. So a man is not a complete Christian after the new birth, but "his light shines more and more unto the perfect day."

Again, reason and experience teach us that success in any department of life, without preparation for it, is impossible. The pages of history abound with instances of this. One most prominent and well-known is that of King John. He exhibited an inability and recklessness, which his naturally vicious qualities cannot sufficiently account for. His subjects hated and despised him, and his enemies laughed him to scorn. Equally feeble and violent in his management of affairs, he lost the ancient patrimony of his family, subjected his kingdom to a shameful vassalage under the see of Rome, until he died at last in ignominy and shame. Other instances could be cited, but enough has been said to show that symmetry of character is absolutely indispensable. While there are diversities of gifts, without which the highest ends of society are unattainable, yet no one part of our nature should be so prominent as to obscure the rest, to the discomfort of the whole. "*Totus in totus, et totus in qualibet parte*" was the definition given by the ancient scholasts of the human mind, and it is equally applicable to the character. Though each trait should be separately developed, they should be combined for a common end. There should be no extremes of light and shade, but one spirit should unite and permeate the whole. Imagination, Thought and Affection should be cultivated only in subordination to our

moral nature. The consciousness of immortality should predominate; the glory of God be the highest object of ambition, and then true success will be attainable. The time best adapted for this preparation is youth—the seed-time of life. Then practical training should commence, while the faculties are pliant and the functions imitative. If God then writes his name and laws upon the tablet of our hearts, they will never be erased.

II. To build up such a character, however, requires system combined with effort. Hence we consider, in the second place, the very essential trait of *perseverance*. By this we mean a fixedness of purpose, which no opposition can turn aside; a heart "to do and dare," which no failure can cast down. Without this our preparation is worse than useless. Man earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, and without patient toil the whole earth would be filled with unsightly vegetation. The rare exotics, which beautify our gardens, and fill our conservatories with their delicious perfumes, are only obtained by a vast outlay of time and labor. So the rare qualities of the heart, which cheer us with their mellow light, are cultivated by the most unceasing watchfulness and care. "The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong," and many a man's plain, plodding common sense has far surpassed the erratic brilliancy of another's genius, which shone, like a meteor, over our heads, but before we could say, "Look, how beautiful!" was gone. This trait was eminently characteristic of the German Reformers. Such was their steady progress, despite the Papal bulls, and the unpitying advocates of Rome, that one remarks concerning them, "The mysterious power that urged them forward was irresistible; and the persecuted, quickening their steps in the face of exile, imprisonment, and the burning pile, everywhere prevailed over their persecutors." In this respect what perfect contrasts were Lords Campbell and

Brougham. The former was possessed of shrewd and massive sense, and a kind and good heart, but his unexampled success was largely due to his unwavering perseverance. The latter was unquestionably a great, dazzling genius, yet all must admit that his life was a brilliant failure. Disappointment, for some such there will be, should never cause us to despond. If we do not succeed at first, we should try again and again, and perchance our very importunity will gain for us the desired object.

But we hasten to consider, in the last place, the most essential element of success, viz., *prayer*. Prayer is usually considered to be rather an act, than a disposition or state of the mind, but we use the word here in a very comprehensive sense, as inclusive of all the obligations we owe to God, as our Creator, Redeemer, and Sovereign Ruler. While man is, in one sense, the architect of his own fortune, and the shaper of his destiny, there is a God, who rules supreme in the events of our lives, and, without His favor, we may expect failure and disappointment. True, many, who acknowledge no allegiance to Him, appear to reach the highest pinnacle of happiness and prosperity; and yet, if we follow them to the end, we will see that it is all vanity. There are many varieties and degrees of success, but what real advantage is it if a man "gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Success is not confined to this life, but comprehends within its range the great unknown world beyond. We are possessed of animal and spiritual desires, and there is a sharp line of distinction between the two. The former are finite, the latter infinite; the former are fixed upon objects in time, the latter upon objects in eternity. And yet the Christian has grounds to hope for a great degree of earthly honor and prosperity. The Scriptures, which he believes to be the word of One who is infallible, are full of such promises, and he sees their fulfillment among his neighbors and acquaintances. A superficial glance at the

condition of mankind will suffice to show who are most successful in this world, the righteous or the wicked.

This subject is of immense importance, and deserves the careful study of every one who would attain unto true happiness. We have only been able to mention truths general in their application, and without which success is impossible. There is no royal road, and each must reach the goal in his own appointed way. In the words of Sydney Smith, "Some are borne along their path in luxury and ease, while some must walk it with naked feet, mangled and bleeding." God is glorified in the failure of some, and the success of others. Some enter upon the duties of active life with a flourish of trumpets, and fail, while others possess an easy self-confidence, and moderate ambition, which proves the stepping stone to still further advancement. Even though life be a complete failure in the eyes of the world, the eye of faith penetrates the veil which hides us from the future, and sees the glorified spirit, in the midst of that innumerable throng, at rest beside the living fountains. Is not this infinitely preferable to the perishable monuments of earth? Be wise, then, in time, that you may chant the joyful paeans of success throughout an unending eternity.

F.

AMERICAN STATESMANSHIP—PAST AND PRESENT.

If it is true, as an old English poet has written, that "an honest man is the noblest work of God," it is no less true that an honest statesman is the greatest glory of the State. In the sphere of political life, where often we find the holiest duties of citizenship ministering to ambition, and the gravest responsibilities of manhood prostituted to unworthy aims; where venality, corruption and sycophancy are the almost inseparable accompaniments to distinction; here, in this school of

unfaithfulness, to find an honest, sincere and fearless man, is a triumph for civilization, and a fact which finds an honored place in the history and the traditions of the nation.

Statesmanship is the moral and intellectual strength of a nation, and the index of its spiritual greatness, just as the teeming work-shops and the crowded-sea-ports are the evidence of its material prosperity. The political complexion of a people, whatever it may be, regulates and tones the moral character of their statesmanship. There is no truer exponent of the influence and nature of national institutions and principles, than the moral character of the leaders they produce. Tyranny and vice will generate cunning and cruelty; ignorance and superstition beget despotism and the apotheosis of royalty; entailed wealth and the pride of lineage give rise to a privileged aristocracy and an inherited supremacy. Men are to the manor born of statesmanship, as if the texture of the blood were the measure of the man, while the crying infant of an hour is hailed by the enraptured populace, as the future lord and ruler of their children, and their children's children. Intelligence and independence, patriotism and purity, love of progress and the love of right, are the true measures of political greatness. Not the undeserved fortune of birth, nor the unearned heritage of power. These take their place among the fast-fading vestiges of despotism; and like the idle rituals, the blind symbols and the sensuous mythology of the past, they find no sympathy in the catholic, freedom-loving spirit of the present.

The Ideal Statesman, like the Model Republic, has always been a subject for ceaseless enthusiasm to every waiting advocate of the political millennium. In the early struggles of the Republic, during the lives and labors of those sublime men from whose great hearts this young nation first throbbed into life, when a public man was a warrior, a statesman and a christian, we do not wonder that hope should promise a

bright future for the American statesman, and that prophecy should predict an unrivalled race of patriots and heroes. What that is noble and disinterested should not be characteristic of men who live under the teachings and example of such statesmen as Washington, Franklin, Adams, and Hamilton? Grand patriots they were, and would that the mantle of their greatness had fallen upon worthier men!

It seems to be a lamentable tendency of modern public sentiment to merge statesmanship in politics, to make no distinction between the aspiration of the patriot-statesman and the ambition of the political trickster; and as a natural consequence, the candidate for political honors is dependent for his popularity more upon his political cunning and party sycophancy, than he is upon his moral fitness and mental superiority. The love for gold has been interwoven into the very texture of the American nature; it has invaded every avenue of social life, and its contaminating influence is nowhere more sadly apparent than in the sphere of politics. Men of honesty and sincerity have come to look with contempt upon the purchased honors of the politician, and refuse to humiliate themselves to do the bidding of an exacting clique; they prefer the independence of private citizenship to the painted laurels of official station. This lamentable degeneration in the public character of our representative men seems to have been at first a gradual deterioration; but in these later days of astonishing material prosperity, the spirit of trade seems to have made appalling inroads into the fresh enthusiasm and the intrinsic purity of our early patriotism. But in spite of the growing deterioration in the political standard of the community, America has been, and is now, blessed with some noble statesmen. They have been scattered throughout her history, and their memory will be forever fresh and grateful to every lover of his country. They were men who refused to prostitute their energies in the organization of cliques

and the construction of parties, when their duty was to labor for the general welfare, who scorned the gold of the politician, and would never condescend to personal aggrandizement when it was at the expense of patriotism and honor. Let America cherish as a priceless national blessing the memory of their lives and the record of their services. Let their pure patriotism, their disinterested labors, their long vigils at the shrine of duty, their sleepless vigilance at the outposts of danger, never be forgotten ; let them have the patriot's best and highest earthly reward, a grateful and enduring place in the affections of his countrymen, and let their influence and example be a standing rebuke to the spirit of party allegiance and party plunder, which is the bane and curse of American politics. Will the people never realize that the nation is above the party ? Are the intelligent people of the country always to be ruled by cunning politicians, who "smile, and smile, and act the villain ?" If the honest man is a reality, why should the honest statesman be an idle myth ? It is time that the American people should ponder these things. And may the terrible lessons of the hour teach to us the necessity of a higher standard of public morality, if we would accomplish the destiny which has been given us ; and may we never hereafter fail to realize the inestimable value of disinterested and loyal statesmanship, both in times of prosperity and in times of adversity. In prosperity, that adversity may not come ; and in adversity, that it may be the more quickly and successfully dispelled.

D.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion invariably changes with the progress of events. This is by no means an arbitrary or abnormal effect, but altogether as natural and uncompromising as the infallible

law of gravitation, or as the direct influence of light and heat on the natural productions of vegetation. There is a great revolution and reformation now in state of progress in a large and important part of our national domains. This state of affairs has been induced without apparently or really the least provocation offered to the instigators. Conceived in iniquity and born in sin, it is being carried out in a spirit of the most bitter animosity and inveterate hate on the one side, and the most determined and just sense of truth and right on the other. The natural effect of these combined circumstances is to work a certain gradual and positively radical change in the politics of the nation. The history of all governments, especially of a republican form, contributes much to prove the general truth of this assertion. Referring to the past, France presents a most striking example of an absolute, radical change in national policy. There, as a popular writer remarks, "history was made in a day." Although this nation does not furnish a directly parallel case to America with respect to the ultimate designs of the French revolution and American rebellion respectively, nevertheless, it does most strikingly illustrate the principle, that opinion among the masses is moulded almost exclusively by the character and tendency of extrinsic circumstances. It is scarcely necessary to make the assertion, that America has indeed taken a most important and decisive step in the great political struggle for the dissemination of universal liberty. But yesterday, to speak of American slavery in connection with American liberty, was regarded as the most uncharitable, unholy act of which a free, unbiased and truly Union-loving citizen could possibly be guilty. To-day the scene changes, and in striking contrast to the infamous slave policy of yesterday, stands embossed in words of flaming characters, and supported by countless numbers of loyalists, the glorious proclamation of our true and noble President. To-day, justice seems to move the masses, and wisdom has

usurped the power of ignorance and deprived the foul crime of its very quintessence.

This national stain is about to be washed out, but in justice to the subject and those responsible for whatever results may follow, certain essential and leading facts must not be overlooked.

The immediate operative cause obtaining to produce this inevitable *coup de main* on a locally popular institution, is not, as is artfully alleged by some, based on principles of philanthropy, or the beneficial results accruing from a liberal and general offer of freedom considered solely as an act of humanity; nor should it be attributed, as is most ungenerously the case, to a malicious and unwarrantable spirit of envy or jealousy. It should be received with its true meaning, viz., as the only remaining Patholicon for the permanent establishment of republican institutions; the only possible means to the end for which the war is carried on; the "*ne plus ultra*" of our military bureaucracy. But it has been persistently denied that the system possesses the particular efficiency for which it has been adopted, and that it cannot possibly fail to produce the anticipated results. On the ground that these objections have been well taken, the system has been maliciously and shamefully opposed by a large class of the pseudo Union faction of the North. The action of this class admits of a very ready explanation. The object evidently is to deceive the masses, and how cunning the plan and skilful the execution, it requires no adept to perceive. In a question of such a character, where the interests of thirty millions of people are at stake, is it not reasonable to expect, aye, even to demand, that the people should have a full understanding of the nature and real character of the points at issue? This privilege has been withheld them principally by a certain class of men who boast most extravagantly of their abilities, and who hold themselves up as perfect models of human justice and intelligence, but

who are not to be mistaken in the particular objects for which they employ those much vaunted powers. But notwithstanding these gigantic efforts of the few to disaffect the many; notwithstanding the powerful influence of prejudice arising from a supreme, almost servile, devotion to party; notwithstanding all the schemes which blind jealousy could invent or base ambition expose, nevertheless, in direct opposition to all these, it has been most overwhelmingly and positively declared by the whole voice of the loyal North, that "the Union must and shall be preserved." The recent change manifested in public sentiment is by no means of slight significance. It speaks in thunder tones to every recreant traitor and miserable sympathiser of treason on the continent. It pledges its endorsers to "an unconditional loyalty to the Government of the United States, to an unwavering support of the efforts to suppress treason, and to spare no endeavor to maintain unimpaired the national unity both in principle and territorial boundary." It strengthens the weak and encourages the strong, and it inspires all with a full assurance of support and confidence for the ultimate establishment of liberty and a successful experiment of self-government by the people. Thus is presented but one instance of a complete revolution in popular sentiment. Without entering into detail, this fact at least has been observed by every anxious patriot, that every movement of the Government which was at the first opposed and violently denounced, has now become the real standard of national action, and the popular will, formerly governed by passion and prejudice, has now become completely subservient to the just demands of reason. To-day the principles of justice and independence and the permanent establishment of freedom are based on a foundation firm and lasting, which time, with all its changes, cannot affect; a foundation cemented by the precious blood of our own fathers and brothers, and which owes to this fact the very power it possesses. With a just appreci-

tion of the great sacrifices which have been made, and with a conviction that this blood should not flow unrevenged, the result of the fiery ordeal through which the country is now passing cannot be misjudged. To sue for a disgraceful peace, or to desert the cause of our country in this the hour of her trial and great tribulation, would be sacrilege in its lowest form, a base renunciation of every good and sacred motive of the human heart, a very dishonor to the memory of the gallant dead. It has become apparent to all, that this war must be supported to the bloody end. The questions involved plainly indicate the nature of the contest.

The foul stain which treason in its forward course has left behind must be washed out, even if liberty herself sinks bleeding in the fearful struggle. Inestimably better is it that freedom should die honorable than draw out a miserable existence under the crushing heel of slavery. As yet no good reason has been advanced why this war should be ended on terms other than those most honorable and consistent with the power and dignity of a great nation. Every attempt to restore peace on conditions other than these, has proved a signal failure, and the most sanguine peace-maker has utterly despaired of successs. The occasion which has called into exercise all the energies of a mighty people, is indeed lamentable, but the obligations are none the less binding, and the motto of our fathers should still be the motto of their children, "Right or wrong, our country." The policy now being enforced by the Government cannot, by loyal and patriotic citizens, be regarded as subversive of constitutional rights or social privileges, inasmuch as the benefits flowing therefrom are already beginning to speak for themselves. The questions might very naturally be asked, What mean these immense gatherings of patriotic freemen? What means this sudden outburst of loyal sentiment, and denunciation of treason? What great significance underlies this happy change in the sentiment of an opposing

party? The question is immediately answered—The Administration is to be supported and the rebellion forever crushed.

Herein lies the indication of a fundamental and complete reform of the system of American politics. What opinion has been in the successive attempts to re-establish the unity of the States, and what it is, are diversities of feeling placed in most happy contrast. What the end will be it is not difficult to conjecture; nevertheless, all the prayers of a patriot, all the counsels of a sage, all the efforts of a philanthropist, must combine in one harmonious endeavor, in order to secure to coming generations that great desideratum of all nations as well as individuals—Human Liberty.

K.

MOTHER.

Had I a song so sweet
'T would move the trees
And hold in breathless pause
The listning breeze,

A strain so pure
That when it reached the sky
The angels there
Would echo back the sigh;

Or if the muse,
That critics often tell
Moved ancient lyres
To play and charm so well,

Would but inspire my soul
To sing most clear
The name that first I lisped,
" My Mother dear,"

'Till little birds
With every winged thing
Should in their glee
Make all the heather ring,

And stars that deck
 The boundless sky
 Would in their twinkle bright
 Send back the cry.

Then in my joyful song
 A verse should be
 Telling how kind, how good,
 She was to me.

Another stanza too
 Should there relate
 How rich and fair the gift
 How kind the fate

That placed so near
 My wayward erring side
 An angel bright
 To be my infant guide.

Alas! my harp is dull,
 This throbbing brain
 No fitting anthem does
 Or can contain
 To sing of all
 My Mother's wondrous care
 Which in my heart
 Lies fondly cherished there

Here let me drop my lyre—
 It has no sound
 To speak the silent love
 My heart has found.

SIGMA.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.

When the spirit of poetry touched with her mystic spell the soul of her favorite child, and his inspired fingers wrote, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players," he gave to the world a picture that succeeding ages have only

served to stamp as a master-piece of truth and beauty. Let us therefore, like travellers setting out upon a difficult journey, choose this excellent guide, and as the arch enchanter leads us through the various walks of life, let us strive to draw a lesson from the ever moving, ever changing scene. But ere the action of the play begins let us look for a moment at the temple in which it is performed, what splendid scenery ! what depth of stage ! what wonderful machinery ! Look upon its lofty pillars towering to heaven, clothed with green, and capped with eternal snow. Gaze upon its lovely landscapes, winding rivers, and dazzling cascades. Let your eyes soar aloft to its proscenium of studded stars and golden fret work , and then listen to its orchestral music coming from the throats of myriads of warbling songsters. Observe for a moment how quietly the great Stage Manager of the universe moves the massive enginery of the drama. How quickly do those spirits of power, Hydrogen, Nitrogen and Oxygen perform his bidding ; how mysteriously does the animated become a fossil ; how easily, at his command, do the seasons change from spring to summer ; from summer to autumn, and from autumn to winter. What stirring scenes in court and camp ! what motley groups assemble upon the mart for traffic, or follow with nimble feet the merry pipe upon the village green ! What mingling of strange noises ; humming wheels, clicking cogs, jingling glasses, peals of laughter, screams of agony. What variety of costume ! velvet and fustian, satins and sack cloth, rags and riches, splendor and squalor, all fulfilling an appropriate part in the great drama of human existence. On such a bustling stage as this, as the old prompter Time rings up the curtain, the mewling infant comes forward to lisp the first words of its role.

The first act of our existence is a fairy spectacle, a period of fancies of airy visions without a local habitation or a name ; a season of sunshine and flowers, where king imagination reigns supreme. Who does not cherish some sweet recollections of

babydom ; who standing amidst the ruins of air built castles formed by the architect of infant fancy, who gazing for the first time upon the stern realities of life, has not wished for that little ideal world once more. How beautiful and fair was everything in infancy ; how thrilling that first kiss that mother nature gave us ; how sparkling the foaming goblet she raised to our lips, then there was no fear, no doubt, no suspicion, and our little motto was, "trust on, trust ever." Alas ! the spell is too frequently broken, the goblet drained, and nothing then remains but the flavor of the liquor ; yet even that is something ; to have those pleasant memories of the past, that speak to the heart, and tell us that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever." Now, although this is a "mewling age," and for the most part spent in the nurses' arms, yet it is one of the most formative periods of our existence. Babys, we find, are wonderful portrait painters, they sketch with all the rapidity of instinct ; bubbly in regimentals, and sissy taking care of doll babys, are living characters in flesh and blood, that teach us the child is father to the man. But why linger longer, the act plays short and we awake from the dream of infancy, to find ourselves the "whining school-boy." Let us take a peep at him as "with his satchel on his back, and shining morning face, he creeps with snail-like pace unwillingly to school." And why not unwillingly ! shouts young America, what has youth to do with set forms and tasks ; what cares he for books filled with dry statistics or antiquated maps, covered with spider webs ; these are at best but symbols of a reality which he fancies he has already in his grasp. He worships objects and will learn from nothing else, nature becomes his idol ; sunny days, streamlets and flowers his companions and friends. Shut him up from these and you make a prisoner of him. The walls of an academy become a dungeon ; why should he choose the strait road, with its dry burning sand and monotony, when he can find lanes and glens and dells, where all is cool

and shady holiday. Tell him not that schooling and discipline is the shortest road to his desires. He does not want a short one. Why should he hurry? No thoughts of death or age trouble that joyous heart—it has a feeling of immortality within it, and upon his escutcheon he writes the motto, “hope on, hope ever.”

But the curtain is rising upon the third act, and as it does so we behold not the boy in jacket and trousers, with ball, kite, top and skate; no, these are flung aside, and our hero stands before us, “the lover, sighing like a furnace.” The boy has suddenly become a man, the simple rustic changed by the fairies’ magic power into the bright and dazzling harlequin, could not be more complete and perfect. What has wrought this wonderful transformation; what could have converted the former pigmy into the present giant? Need we answer, woman, the guardian angel of man’s destiny; first to meet him at the cradle, last to leave him at the grave. Smile not at the picture you and I must pass through, or have passed; this melting period, none that live a score of years escape it. All are doomed to sigh like a furnace, and it will be found that old maids and old bachelors are but cinders on which some heartless flirt has thrown cold water. It is not necessary that you should marry; perhaps it is better that you should not; but that you must sigh like a furnace the priest of nature has proclaimed, and physical science utters a loud amen. Does not the chemist tell you that life is one continual burning, until at last the flame flickering expires and leaves nothing but ashes behind. Does not the anatomist teach us that we are, so to speak, walking stoves, that this wonderful mechanism, the lungs, is but the draft pipe to feed the flame with oxygen. Why then should we think it strange that youth must “sigh like a furnace?” When he is just budding into manhood, when the fire burns with its brightest glow, and the body is consumed with latent heat, are we more powerful than a Samson at the

feet of Delilah or Hercules spinning with Omphale and all for love. We need scarcely speak of the "woeful ballads" made to the eye-brows of beauty; every one feels that somewhere hereabout is the well-spring of all poetry. Cupid's shaft surely was the first to strike the rock from which such fountains of poetry and song have issued; and yet are we not sure that the sweetest strains never found vent upon paper. Your true artist never comes up to his own ideal in execution. Those little songs played upon the harp of a thousand strings, those gentle harmonies that never reach the vulgar ear, these are the lover's true ballads, these the choicest music of the soul. Fain would we dwell longer on this pleasing scene, but already it is changing. The shrill trumpet sounds to arms! the din and roar of life's great battle awakens our lover from his trance and calls upon him to don the soldier's garb. Fame beckons him onward. Stern realities to be encountered, hard difficulties to be overcome, force him to grasp his weapons in his hand and "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." What contests to engage in! Contests for truth and justice; contests for time and immortality. Here the actor finds arrayed before him two great armies—Truth and Error—both seeking to fix their weapons within his breast; the one bright and beautiful as the morning star, the other dark and gloomy as the shadows of Erebus. No battle requires such heroism and discipline as that of life's great conflict. What stratagems! what ambuscades! what masked batteries to be encountered and overcome! Where is the sight more glorious than that of the soldier clad in the armor of the Christian warrior, standing up for holy principles and doing battle, on the field, in the work shop, on the floor of the senate chamber, in the sanctuary, or at the bar? Are not these scenes of action that require courage and skill? Must he not be a model soldier that comes off victorious and sustains the brightness of an untarnished reputation? Oh, alas! that there should be some in this important

struggle for existence who wear the military badge and yet refuse to do a soldier's duty; men that like poor Wilkins Micawber are "constantly waiting for something to turn up," or like the lamented Mr. Barkis are forever "*willing*." Such as these form what may be called the Home Guard of society, "Invincible at home, but invisible at war." The parts which have now passed in review before us should, if faithfully performed, give man that experience and discipline which would enable him to impersonate truthfully his next great character namely: that of Judge "with big round belly and goodly capon well lined, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and modern instances." Experience should teach wisdom, and so we may believe it always would. But there are men in the world that never have any real active mental or moral experience; that kind of discipline that strengthens all the faculties and feelings of our nature. Is he fit to judge of human nature who knows nothing of its trials; is he fit to pass sentence on the deeds of poor fallen humanity who never himself felt "the whips and scorns of time?" Shall such "give law and gin to rule?" Shall dull and talking pedants, all theory but no practice, overawe and crush out a strong and vigorous manhood? Society, we find, is made up of two kinds of men—the active and the passive. The active man lives; the passive man only stays. And thus we find that when the time arrives for man to play the judicial part, to be the instructor, adviser and counsellor of mankind, that many are nothing but mere Doininee Samsons; full of wise saws and modern instances, they have received their opinions as a sponge takes in water, and now repeat them over like some cultivated parrot; or perchance they are like those Gratiano speaks of, "That therefore are reputed wise for saying nothing." Who can find it in his heart to look up to and honor these self-elected judges of humanity? It is fortunate, however, that we are not left altogether to their disposal, for there are honest and just men in

the world, notwithstanding the keen satire of Diogenes and his lamp ; men that have learned the great lessons of charity and faith from God's holy law, and who carry them into the experience of their lives ; men that, while they may condemn, will yet drop a tear of sympathy upon the criminal ; men that have mingled with all sorts of people, who have formed their judgments from earnest, active life. The decisions of such as these we feel we can rely upon, for they come from volumes as authentic as either Dwight or Blackstone. After we have reached the meridian of life, how quickly does our star haste toward its setting. Men grow old before they know it, and emerge from the soldier into the judge, and thence into the lean and slippery pantaloon, without having themselves perceived this change, and so it comes that old age often plays many strange antics. It is a sad sight to see old age trying to look young. Nothing is more ridiculous than to be still wearing our youthful hose, when they are evidently a world too wide for our shrunken shanks ; or to be continually living in the past, and having no sympathy with the doings of the present ; to be ever singing praises to the "good old times, the good old times." Oh ! it is sad to be a straw, and be crushed by the car of progress ; to have little boys write Pantaloon upon our backs with chalk, while the world rings out in jeering tones, Old Fogy ! But this is the dark cloud. Let us look for a moment at the silver lining. There is an old age that, like the leaves of autumn, tinges the earth with a golden hue ; pure metal, which having passed through the fire, comes out brighter and purer ; the dross of passion burnt out, and the shining ore of virtue glittering as in a well-worn casket. There is a ripe old age, a mellow old, that fills all hearts with its hallowed presence. Blessed be these *whiteheads* of history. Their counsels come not to us with the taint of self. Their ambitions are o'er, their battles ended. They never seem to

to grow old, but live over again with their young posterity. Cheery old men always joyous, always happy.

“For ever young, though life’s old age
Hath every nerve unstrung ;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young.”

“Last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history, is second childishness and mere oblivion.” That is all we can say of it. The strong man has again become a mewling thing, and lives only at the nurses’ bidding. Strange that he, who has passed through all the various parts of the drama, and sustained successfully the roles of infant, school-boy, lover, soldier, judge and pantaloon, must now pass off this stage of time as well as when he entered, and yet there he sits as the curtain falls, chattering, chuckling, “sans eyes, sans teeth, sans everything,” and so death closes up the scene. But what is death ? Merely an exit from this stage of mortality to one of immortality ; merely casting off the rind that the kernel may spring into full growth. Is there not something sublime and awful in this change. When we contemplate how great the faculties we are endowed with ; how important the parts we perform ; how requisite they should be performed faithfully. When we, that are grasping for riches, renown and honor, think how frequently we forget our responsibilities to the great manager of all, and to our brother actors in the scene. There is something in it that should make us pause and tremble. Would that we had strength and courage to renounce some of the baubles we are so arduously fighting for. Would that, instead of despairing from surrounding circumstances, we might exclaim,

“ Honor and fame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.”

SIGMA.

“NASSAU vs. STAR”—THE TRIP OF OUR NINE.

For some days after the victory obtained by the Nassau boys on their own ground, great doubt existed in their minds as to their success with the Stars at New Brunswick. Many were the surmises, numerous the prophecies, and countless the opinions expressed in regard to the match. Among the Nine there was a sort of tremulous confidence. All professing themselves ready to ‘try it on,’ at any time, their opponents invited them to ‘come on.’

Different impediments prevented a trial for successive Saturdays, but at last the permission of our ‘revered President’—that patron of sports—being secured, off we started. Though the sky was overcast, it was our expectation that in a short time the *sun* of victory would arise and witness a triumph over the *Stars*. What a gay old time we passed on the route! Songs, shouts, visions of a jolly day, a glorious return, etc., filled up the time. Soon the old locomotive stopped, and the train was relieved of the impatient ball-players. At the depot one or two of the other side met us. They looked rather blue, as, on account of the weather, they had almost given up all hope of seeing us. It may be proper to remark, that they looked *uniform*-ly blue throughout the day, and at the conclusion of the game particularly. However, the ‘Committee of Reception’ took us to their club-room, which they placed at our disposal. This, by the way, was very nicely fitted up, tacitly giving a suggestion as to the style in which some other B. B. organizations ought to manage affairs.

After disposing of various goods and chattels, we went out to see the Lions. We could not find any. Yet there was a Billiard saloon, in which a few beardless under-classmen of our little sister college were endeavoring to learn the mysteries of the cloth and ivory. It was really *curious* to see them play. A few minutes of this fun sufficed some of us, so we spent the

rest of the morning in examining the beauties of the rustic village. A number of churches and houses, plenty of Jersey mud, college, seminary, and a few pretty girls with skirts fastened (enchantingly) up to avoid the wet, were the principal objects of interest.

After dinner, the rain, which had continued drizzling all the morning, held up and preparations were made for the Match.

At the back of the town lay a broad common whose red clay was covered by a nice turf. This was the field on which the victory was to be striven for. The cent, 'almighty' on such occasions, was tossed, and breathless suspense held all till it turned up its fatal 'copperhead,' and the Stars won the choice. Accordingly they sent our boys to the bat, when play immediately commenced. Their Pitcher seized the ball, and swinging his hand behind him as if in an effort to dislocate his shoulder, put his head between his legs—almost—and running furiously, discharged the ball some yards away from the home base. This graceful operation reminded us of the old proverb, 'Little *pitchers* have long ears.' After repeating this action an indefinite number of times, our worthy Captain, who was batting, at last got a ball that suited him, and set a good example by a fine hit.

It is not our purpose, however, to detail the progress of the game. Suffice it to say, that in the first innings, five runs were secured, much to the satisfaction of the 'ins,' who thought that they were 'all serene.' But not so, for their antagonists obtained the same number, and the countenances of the collegians lengthened visibly. Then it was that in order to encourage them, one of their friends told the sole *fib* of his life when he said, "Never mind boys, we have a 'sure thing' on them." And sure enough his fiction became fact, for in the second innings thirteen runs were added and the Stars felt that they were 'going up the spout.' Here came in the most brilliant

thing of the day. The batsman hits a good ball, making his first; then comes another and another, till there is a man on each base and the 'field' has a fine chance to get two out at once. But hold on, exultant Stars! Look at that little chap with the tri-colored cap, his clean muscles, shining through that thin undershirt he wears. He is very sober, for he feels that all depends on the strength of his arm and the accuracy of his eye. See how long he waits. That ball is too low, this too high. Ah! there's the one, whack! way over the Left Field's head clear out of reach it goes; and then one, two, three, four, come running in. That was a home run with a vengeance. Four at a crack. How freely we all breathe now. In vain do the gallant New Brunswickers fight. It's all of no use. They are doing their best, hoping to 'play dark' on the Nassaus. But the sixth innings comes; it grows dusky. They have hopes, but these are all blasted by that wiry Short Stop, who makes several catches in beautiful style, and the match is over. Poor fellows, though beaten by eleven runs, they cordially take their victors down to a certain snuggery, where a 'tip-top' supper is prepared. To this all alike, successful or defeated, do hearty justice, a thing the writer feels he cannot do. Next the ball was delivered in a very manly speech, the customary things were said on both sides, and the Nassaus were 'home ward bound.' Not relating how the generous Captain 'came down,' what a fine ride we had back, and how enthusiastical was the reception at home, we will hasten at once to the Peroration.

It is this: We have a fine Base Ball Club in College; it is a magnificent game in itself, and while other colleges have numerous other diversions, it is the only practicable manly sport at Princeton. Let then, the green sod of our Ball-ground be covered with healthy, hearty, happy players during the coming season, and let not the old laurel-crowned Nine lack anything that is necessary for further victories. B. P.

Editor's Table.

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AFTER an interval of a few weeks, the MAG. again finds its way to our readers. It comes at a season when Nature is in all her freshness and fragrance. At the near approach of Saturnus, speeding onward in his chariot of fire to the Septentrional regions, Winter has disappeared, and Spring with its reviving and vivifying power has returned to beautify the earth. Radiant sunshine and gentle showers have unbarred the prison doors of Nature, and have thrown a green mantle over meadow and woodland.

“From the moist meadow to the withered hill,
Led by the breeze the vivid verdure runs,
And swells and deepens to the cherished eye.”

The air is filled with the delicious perfume of foliage and flowers; and gentle zephyrs are wafting to our ears the melodious strains of thousands of minstrels, who have left the South where the din of battle is heard, and where the slave clanks his chain, and have crossed over to the free hills and vales of the Loyal States. Gladly would we throw aside our Editorial robes, and exchange the labor which Fate has assigned us within the walls of our SANCTUM, for a ramble over the beautiful hills—covered with the sweet blossoms of the clover, and along the clear brooks—streaming forth in lovely meanderings among fruitful trees and blooming meadows, or through the sacred groves of Venus, where the comely Graces, joined hand in hand with the Nymphs, are leading up the dance. But the near approach of the calends of June admonish us that “the days of grace” granted by our worthy Printer have expired, or in other words, “time is up,” and we are obliged to hasten on with our work.

Class day passed off very pleasantly. The weather was fine, and *fortunately* our worthy Præses was in a very good humor, which last contributed not a little to our happiness and to our success in completing all that was desired. The programme of closing exercises was the same as that adopted by the previous Class, with the exception of the “Planting of the Elm.” This exercise was instituted a long time ago, but for several years back has been unobserved. Our Class, however, has revived and rescued it from the oblivion into which it was fast sinking; and we trust that the signal success which crowned our efforts will be a powerful incentive to those who come after us to observe and perpetuate it even to remote generations. We congratulate the Orator and Poet on their success, and the members of the Class on the harmony which characterized all our proceedings. We return our thanks to the Choir for their charming music, and to our venerable President for his kind hospi-

tality, and for the "feast of fat things" which he prepared for our entertainment. May he long live to preside over Nassau, and to see many more going forth from her time-honored walls. The Class of '63 has bid *adieu* to her Alma Mater, and her noble sons are scattered over the *wide, wide world*. But few remain within the precincts of Nassau and within hearing of the sweet-toned bell. Some have crossed the main, and are visiting foreign lands. Some are roaming over fertile prairies in the far-distant regions of the setting sun. Others are gathered in martial array on the sunny plains of the South, and are battling nobly for their country, and for the cause of Truth. Others still, cold and motionless in the embrace of Death, are quietly sleeping beneath the clods of the valley. Separated as we are, we can never hope for a reunion here on earth; but God grant us a happy reunion in Heaven, around the great white throne. Our College days are ended: we are done with the *ideal* world, and we have entered the world of *reality*. Pleasant have been the scenes through which we have passed; but Oh! there are glorious scenes beyond! Life's struggle is a grand one. Let us endeavor to prove equal to it, and in the end acquit ourselves with honor.

We stand in awe of the mighty events which are now taking place in the world. It is indeed an age of wonder. The time is coming—yea, the set time is near at hand—when the bondage of humanity shall be broken, and when the oppressed everywhere shall be made free. The Goddess of Liberty has ascended her chariot; arrayed in her beautiful garments she has gone forth conquering and to conquer, and speedily she will assert dominion over the whole earth. Europe presents to our view a grand and glorious spectacle. The people of Italy are yet singing paeans of victory over their land redeemed from the rod of the oppressor. The liberated millions of Russia also are chanting *Te Deums* of praise and thanksgiving in acknowledgement of their deliverance from servitude. Poland, long down-trodden and oppressed, has caught the inspiration of their song, and is eager to join the chorus. She has thrown off the yoke of Tyranny, and fired with new zeal for Liberty, she is struggling in the throes of revolution for Freedom and Independence against one of the greatest Powers of the earth. In our own land, also, the exultant shouts of victory are heard over the recent Proclamation of the Chief Executive of the nation, granting Freedom to the whole slave population within the States which are in rebellion against the Government. Yes, Slavery, thank God, is doomed; the *monumentum perennius ære*, erected by Southern hands, has fallen, and crumbled in ruins. Restoration is impossible, whatever be the issues of the present struggle in which we are engaged. Should even the South be successful in gaining her independence, and in establishing a separate confederacy, still the institution can never be made permanent. Its prestige and power is gone; and its glory, like the far-famed Ilium, has departed. Like the

antique Saturn, it has been hurled from its lofty throne, and its remains lie buried in the murky abyss of Hades. Weep and howl, therefore, Oh ye *Copperheads*, ye *haters of Liberty*, over the untimely destruction of the idol of your eyes and the joy of your hearts. Over its newly-made grave continue to shed the *sympathizing* tear, and to chant the funereal dirge.

" *Dearest Slavery thou hast left us,
We shall see thy form no more,
For Abe Lincoln has bereft us
Of a good for nothing bore.*"

Propitiate the Stygian Ferryman by your continued supplications and earnest entreaties, that he leave not its *spirit* to wander for years innumerable along the shores of the livid lake, but that he may bear it safely across the boiling billows, and land it safe in the Elysian fields.

The February Editor has mentioned the sudden death of our friend DONE, and to his memory he has justly paid a glowing tribute. To what has been said we would add nothing, save the Resolutions which were unanimously adopted by the Junior Class relative to his decease.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God, in the mysterious, but all-wise dispensation of His providence, to remove from our midst our beloved class-mate, JOHN HAYNIE DONE; and whereas, we desire, however inadequately, to express our sense of the loss we have sustained by this afflictive dispensation—therefore,

Resolved, That in his loss, Nassau Hall has been deprived of one who had endeared himself alike to all, by his polite and courtly conduct; by his generous and obliging disposition, and proved himself in all his various duties that highest type of student life—a true gentleman.

Resolved, That the associations which for more than half a collegiate course, have bound him to the Class of '64, associations peculiarly dear, and ever strengthened by his unwavering kindness and fidelity, have proved him, not only a steadfast friend, but one whose abilities and literary tastes promised a future creditable alike to him and them.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the afflicted family of the deceased, in being thus deprived of a loved son and brother—a deprivation soothed, however, by his expressed hope of a glorious immortality in another and better world beyond the grave.

Resolved, That we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the afflicted family and be published in the *Princeton Standard*, *Baltimore Sun* and *Nassau Literary Magazine*.

C. McCULLOUGH,
A. M. P. V. H. DICKESON, }
H. J. SHELDON, } Committee.

But alas! the death knell of DONE has scarcely ceased ringing in our ears, when suddenly we hear of the death upon the battle-field of our class-mate, CLAY McCUALEY, a sergeant in the 126th Reg. Penn. Vols. On the last day of the fight at Fredericksburg, and a few hours before the expiration of his term of enlistment, he fell nobly fighting for the cause of Liberty. Mr. McCauley entered the class of '63 at the commencement of its junior year, and at its close he went forth at the call of his country to defend her honor. Although with us but a short period, his correct deportment and noble christian character elicited the praise of all, and won for him many true and faithful friends. We mourn over his loss, but not as those who have no hope. On the altar of his country he has sacrificed his life, and his spirit has gone to join the innumerable throng in the land of Spirits. On the beautiful banks of the Rappahannock he is gently sleeping the sweet sleep of the Hero and Patriot—"testifying from the silent land beyond through the echoing halls of memory, how sweet it is to die for one's country." Over his grave the green grass is growing, and Spring is writing his epitaph in blossoms of *blue, white and red*; the bronzed bee is lingering to hum his praise, and the bobolink, bribed by the coming fruits, is staying to sing his requiem.

"Oh for the death of those
Who for their country die."

From our "special correspondent" we learn that our class-mate, Algernon Marcellus, has been promoted to a 2nd Lieutenantcy. Also, of the result of a Base Ball match, recently played between the "Nassaus" and the Atlantics, the champion club of Philadelphia, in which the "Nassaus" were victorious.

Having now accomplished our labor, dear Readers, we sink back upon our honors, and bid you *farewell*.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

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EXCHANGES.

The following exchanges have been received:—Harvard Magazine, William's Quarterly, Yale Literary for March and April, Wabash Magazine, Beloit College Monthly for March and April, Hall's Journal of Health, and the Printer for March and April.